

HIS GOD

His god is Dionysus.
Most of each day
he does what's
expected of him.
But at 5 pm
he turns to wine.
It makes him happy,
pushes each day's
distress into
accepting shadows.
Not only that,
if he listens closely,
Dionysus answers his
heart-felt questions.
Each morning he
rediscovers himself
painfully alone.

DAISIES

White, long-stemmed
daisies surround our
small mountain house.
Last August we
scattered seeds from
daisies that bloomed here
near the road.
Waiting patiently
under a blanket
of snow, these seeds
took hold, springing
up in May, necks
straining toward
the sun. Now, in
late June, they prance
full bloom in a
light breeze as if
inspired by an
inbred confidence.